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ized the Spanish original or Nicolas Colin's French translation of the *Diana*, first published in 1572.¹⁵ A comparison with Urfé's text shows the two translations are independent. A slight resemblance might be found in the metre of Doride's *canción*: Colin also chose *sizains*, but in heptasyllabics and with irregular alternation of masculine and feminine rimes; the *redondillas* are rendered by him in quatrains. The literary merits or demerits of both translations are almost equal; ¹⁶ *chevilles* abound in Colin as well as in Urfé, only the regular stanzaic structure of the *Sireine* might perhaps be considered as an improvement.

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MAX HALBE

My first acquaintance with Halbe on the stage goes back to a performance of his *Strom* by a company of German barn-stormers in this country; the last opportunity to continue it was furnished by the representation of his *Ring des Gauklers* at the royal theater in Munich about a year ago. Between these two events and beginning before the first of them lay the reading of his printed plays. This is but another way

¹⁵ Through the kindness of Professor Rennert of the University of Pennsylvania, I was enabled to use his very rare copy of 1592: *La Diane de Georges de Montemayor*, etc., Tours (G. Drobet), MDXCII.

¹⁶ As a specimen of Colin's art of translation, we quote *sizains* 3-4, corresponding to *Diana*, déc. 2, and *Despart*, st. 17-18, as given above:

Ce pasteur se consumoit
Pour Diane qui passoit
En grand beauté toutes celles
Qu'on estime les plus belles,
Dont la divine facture
Fut miracle de nature.

Diane en qui nulle chose
Ne fut de nature enclose
Qui ne fust tres-singuliere,
Ne pouant estre appellée
Peu belle ou peu aduisée,
Estant en tout la premiere.

of saying that his earlier work had stirred up a faint hope that the short list of great German dramatists was to have another name added to it. That hope was doomed to disappointment, but the interest thus aroused has by no means vanished, for, after all, Halbe has qualities which have won a place for him on the stage. Unlike some of the recent German dramatists he is never wholly trivial. He deserves respectful consideration and a good measure of appreciation.

Halbe was born at Guettland, a village of West Prussia, in 1865. He comes from a line of gentlemen farmers, but deserting the calling of his fathers, he studied at two or three German universities, emerged from his scholastic career with his Ph. D., and turned man of letters. His published works are almost entirely dramatic. Beginning with *Emporkömmling* in 1889, he has come near to producing a play annually. Two of his dramas, *Jugend* in 1893 and *Strom* in 1904, caused a genuine sensation in their day, and the latter is probably the most effective on the stage of all his work.

It still remains true that Hauptmann and Sudermann, in spite of their failure to fulfil all the hopes aroused by their earlier works, are the most potent names in contemporary German dramatic literature. The newer school has other aims, but its achievements are so far woe-fully disappointing. The men shaped by the forces of two or three decades ago remain the really dominant figures for the public, if not for the oncoming generation of playwrights. This explains, in part, why Halbe, who is a younger contemporary of Hauptmann and Sudermann, has won and holds a reasonably prominent place on the stage, though he has not had the luck to gain international fame.

It would have perhaps been better for him if he had been born earlier or later. He is not the great genius who forms his own public and who, though undoubtedly belonging to his own country and age, is something above and beyond them. Halbe seems rather essentially an idealist born in a naturalistic age and unable to live in harmony with his age or to go his own way in obedience to his nature's promptings. He furnishes in this regard a curious contrast

to Hauptmann, who is least himself when he forgets the world. We probably find here the explanation of Halbe's failure to bring his dramas to a really conclusive ending. He has first-rate technic and seems to know the stage well. The underlying idea is generally good, and his power of expression is not to be despised. But when the end of the play comes, we see no overwhelming reason either in the character of the persons or in the events portrayed to draw the same conclusion. This lack of motivation must lie in the clash of the poet's own nature with the literary theories according to which he proceeds. For the same reason his personages seldom seem wholly human for good or for ill. Perhaps we also find here the cause of the jarring contrast between his dialogue at its best and at its worst. The German naturalist is very apt to be merely vulgar and nasty when he prides himself most on speaking the language of actual life.

It required no gift of prophecy to be able to say that Halbe's *Ring des Gauklers* would probably score no great triumph. It falls between the two stools of seventeenth century superstition and twentieth century rationalism. Its starting point is a supposedly magic ring. Now, a modern dramatist can, of course, use the supernatural as the background or even the moving force of his drama, but he can hardly do it in other than one of two ways. He can either transport us into a world of magic where we willingly forego the ordinary rules of cause and effect or he can make a mistaken belief in the supernatural the compelling influence of the play. Halbe has done neither of these two things. He has instead given us a hero who turns rationalist at the beginning of the play after ten years of belief in a magic ring and, what is still more improbable, a heroine who becomes all self-sacrifice and devotion after quite as many years of experience as a camp follower in the Thirty Years' War. This is a fundamental matter, quite aside from other defects which make the play inferior to the best of his older work.

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NOTES ON HAUPTMANN'S *ATLANTIS*

Hauptmann has woven into his latest novel various experiences which he had on his journey to America in 1894, although the truth is occasionally somewhat violently twisted for personal or artistic reasons, especially in connection with the hero's relations to his wife. Hauptmann sailed for America on the ill-fated *S. S. Elbe* (Captain von Goessel) of the North German Lloyd the end of January, 1894, arriving in New York on February fourth. In *Atlantis*, Dr. Friedrich von Kammacher, the hero, sails on the *S. S. Roland* (Captain von Kessel) of the North German Lloyd, which leaves Bremen on January 23, 1892. The *Elbe* went to its watery grave on January 30, 1895, and Hauptmann's *Roland*, too, is swallowed up by the waves of the Atlantic, the graphic description of the shipwreck constituting the most striking feature of the novel. It would be interesting to know what prompted Hauptmann to select the name *Roland*, in view of the fact that a Hamburg ocean-going tug named *Roland* sank recently in the mouth of the Elbe River in the vicinity of the lightship *Elbe II*, as the result of a collision with a Danish steamer (see *Der Tag*, Berlin, January 17, 1913), more than half of the crew of the real *Roland* being lost.

Dr. Kammacher's views no doubt frequently reflect those of the author, and there are many details in which Kammacher suggests Hauptmann, although it would be foolish to go so far as to insist upon a complete identification of the author with his hero. We learn that Kammacher was the youngest son of the family, so was Gerhart; when Kammacher was sixteen years of age, he wanted to become a painter, he studied at Breslau and became a physician who specializes in bacteriology and later wishes to become a writer. Hauptmann's early vacillation between the muses of sculpture and poetry (see *Promethidenloos*) is well known; he attended an art academy in Breslau, and became deeply interested in pure science in Jena and Zürich. On his American visit Hauptmann spent some time with his friend Dr. Alfred Plötz in Meriden, Connecticut. In *Atlantis*